

Advertisements.

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THE SACRED MINSTREL, OR
AMERICAN CHURCH MUSIC BOOK.

BY V. C. TAYLOR.

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its interesting features.
Elementary part is classified upon a new
system of notation, and contains
series of exercises in Rhythm and
Melody, with a complete Dictionary of musical
terms, a general and complete system of
notation, and a series of exercises
adapted to aid teachers by superintending
the exercises.

A musical construction of the work is sim-
ple, and the four varieties of time, in-
stead of the quarter note in all in-
stances, is a great improvement. This arrange-
ment is new, except such notes as are
standard and indispensable for choir or con-

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plain and easy, to the most elaborate.
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various tunes, are given in the
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Comparison has now been before the pub-
lic twenty years. Its great in-
crease in the sale and use of it,
is a prominent position in the pub-
lic eye.

OF THE MAYOR OF THE CITY OF LANCASTER, PA.

Lancaster City, July 2d, 1844.

FAHNESTOCK & CO.,

Several of the younger branches of

spring under symptoms indicating worms,

plethora of various remedies, and I am

glad to say that the desired ef-

fect has been achieved, and the

of the large worms from one patient,

and to the other, and the

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Christian Secretary.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY BURR & SMITH.

VOL. XXVI.

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Christian Secretary.

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CORNER MAIN AND AVENUE STREETS.

TERMS.

Subscribers in the city, furnished by the Carrier,
at Two Dollars per annum.
Papers sent by mail at \$2.00, payable in advance,
with a discount of twelve and a half per cent.,
agents becoming responsible for six or more copies.
Advertisements will be inserted at the usual rates
of advertising in this city.
All communications on subjects connected with
the paper should be addressed to BURR & SMITH,
post paid.

Activity the Christian's Rest.

"As the rest of heavenly bodies is in motion, so
the happiness of men consists in action, sweetly
issuing from a gracious frame of mind."

We take this thought, as true as it
is beautifully expressed, from a little book
by Rev. Herman Hooker, of Philadelphia,
author of the "Portion of the Soul," "Popu-
lar Infidelity," "Uses of Adversity," and
other like works. This little book is en-
titled "Thoughts and Maxims, Illustrating
Moral and Religious Subjects." It is full
of instruction, and of the texts and germs
of instructive thought.

There is no doubt much mistake in men's
minds in regard to the saint's rest. A
Christian sometimes sits down and says,
Now will I meditate on the blessedness of
the righteous, and my heart shall be warm-
ed within me. Perhaps he takes up Bax-
ter's Christian Classic on this subject, as a
species of duty, sometimes as a kind of
spiritual penance, which, when it is per-
formed, establishes more clearly the soul's
own title to the saint's rest. Many persons
seek thus by passive emotions, or by put-
ting the mind in the attitude of passive
emotions, to gain that reality of character,
and that evidence of such reality, which can
be gained only by active habits. Yes!
it is most true that activity here, Christian
activity, sweetly issuing from a gracious
frame of mind, is the only solid proof that
we are prepared, or preparing, for rest
hereafter. It is the evidence of a title to
that rest. But mere desires after it cannot
constitute such evidence, unless accompa-
nied by such holy activity.

Such spontaneous, holy activity grows
out of all true desire after the saint's rest.
If not, then it is very strong proof that
the desires are spurious. True desires after
God are accompanied with joy in God, and
delight in his spiritual service. Hence the
experience of David is the experience of
the whole church of Christ, Restore unto
me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me
by thy free Spirit; then will I teach trans-
gressors thy ways, and sinners shall be con-
verted unto thee.

Alas! David had been wandering from
God in fearful, fatal sin, and while this was
the case, his lips were sealed as to the ways
of God, and he could not speak to trans-
gressors either to warn or persuade them.
And now, under the terrors of God for
such departure and guilt, he must come
back, and get a new pardon, exercising
new repentance and faith, and he must gain
a new supply of God's grace, before he
could enter again upon his active habits of
heavenly duty with regard to other souls.

Thus it is that Christians depart from
God, and unfit themselves for holy activity
in his service. And then their neglect of
such holy activity produces more and more
insensibility, and a greater and greater re-
luctance to engage in active effort, until the
soul is quite indifferent and unalarmed in
regard to the ruin of souls, and unblest
with any yearning desires for the conversion
of sinners. When a great part of the
members of a church are in this state, what
hope can there be of the revival of God's
work?

But if Christians would one and all rise
up from this sluggishness, and go forth to
active duty, then would feeling rise, then
would inward life and emotion be quicken-
ed, then would love be kindled in the heart,
and a tender anxiety for the souls of men
would be renewed, and the spirit of prayer
would be set in glowing exercise, and faith
would come again into existence. Let
Christians each and all take hold daily up-
on some unconverted man, and try earnestly,
as a real, energetic, positive effort, to
bring him to Christ, and let this effort be
renewed daily, and persevered in, with
prayer, and this would be a revival of reli-
gion. Such effort, relying on Christ, is al-
ways successful. There have been private
Christians in this city, who have thus been
eminently prospered in winning souls.—
There have been those who have kept up
their lists continually some one soul daily
to be striven with, entreated, watched over,
prayed for, and who thus go on from day
to day making this business of expostulating
with sinners a part of their daily business.
And in the end, though they may have been
blest with no uncommon powers of mind,
yet they have been honored with the bliss-
ful instrumentality of saving many a soul.
This is the activity in which our churches

need to find their habitual rest and joy.—
N. Y. Evangelist.

The Night of Life.

There is a beautiful correspondence be-
tween the state of night and the character
of our world. This world is to the Chris-
tian—

A night of ignorance. Ignorance may
be compared not only to the shades of eve-
ning, but the gloom of night. How limited
is the knowledge of the most eminent
believer of this world. Where is the indi-
vidual to whom the challenge may not be
given, "Canst thou by searching find out
God?" What mysteries veil the dispensa-
tions of his providence. Clouds and dark-
ness are round about him. He moves in
the whirlwind and rides upon the storm;
his way is in the sea, and he treads not in
the track of human fitness and propriety.
Do not his dealings with us sometimes con-
stitute an abyss, in which our minds are
overwhelmed, and our thoughts drowned?
Are there not truths in the Bible which far
exceed the grasp of our comprehension, and
transcend the loftiest conception of our
minds? It is yet night with us.

A night of imperfection. Imperfection
will cleave to the believer till the day of
eternity dawns. As our knowledge is im-
perfect, so are our graces, our faith, our
love, and hope, and all the Christian graces.
The work of the Spirit in our hearts is on-
ly in progress, much more remains to be
done. Concerning everything connected
with the Christian chapter, life, and expe-
rience, it may be said, it is "in part."—
Our joys, our consolations and our com-
munications with God, are yet imperfect.

A night of sorrow. How many sources
of sorrow continually occur to the believer.
Here he sows in tears and goes forth weep-
ing. "Many are the afflictions of the right-
eous." The world is a sea of trouble,
where one wave rolls incessantly on an-
other. Let us be thankful that it is not an
endless night. "The night is far spent,"
very far with some. "Now is our salva-
tion nearer than when we believed." But
how has it been spent? Too often in mur-
muring, rather than praising. Let the
Christian be thankful that it is not total
night with him. There are some glimmer-
ings of light, some bright rays that foretell
the dawning of the day. Let us therefore
spend the remainder of the night in a man-
ner that becomes us, as the expectants of
a glorious immortality.—Temple.

From the New York Observer.

The Half-Way House.

If three score years and ten be the num-
ber of years allotted to man's pilgrimage, I
have reached the half-way house to-day.

But the average of human life is far be-
low this mark, that flatters the multitude
with the hope, that their goal is away in
the distance. I am now beyond the period
which the most of my fellows reach.—
More than half of the human family die
before they are as old as I am. My time,
then, is nearly out. Let me see what has
been done.

Half way to the journey's end! More
than that in years, am I far as that in the
business on which I was sent?

"Life is the time to serve the Lord."—
Have I done half that God would have me
do, in the vineyard which he gave me to
keep? My own heart, my house, my
neighborhood, my country, my world, have
I done half that is required at my hands
for these? All that I have done could be
reckoned quickly, and would be hardly
worth the minute it would take to measure
it. It looks small to me, smaller to my
neighbors, and in God's sight is contempti-
ble. I have left undone much that I ought
to have done, and have done many things
which I ought not. An unprofitable ser-
vant, truly, and worthy of many stripes.—
The opportunities of usefulness have been
very many, and very great, but have been
sighted, and the work that was given me
to do, is not half done.

This life was to be spent in preparation
for the life to come. Am I half ready to
go? So far from it, I have scarcely begun
to prepare. Here is a heart of sinfulness,
and there is a fountain opened for its clean-
sing. But I have not the evidence that it
is half clean. There are heights of holiness
to which I know that I ought to at-
tain, but I am not half way up. I seem to
be just setting out on the pilgrimage, when
I ought to be away almost to the gate of the
celestial city. Alas, for me! I shall never
get to heaven at this miserable rate of
progress.

Instead of being at the half-way house
to-day, it seems that I am far past it in the
time to which my journey is limited, and
far short of it in the work to be done!—
Both these are against me; less time and
more work. I will make this day, then,
one of review and resolution. This dis-
covery shall not be lost to me. I will look
my deficiencies in the face, confess my
shortcomings, and repent in the dust.

Then I will rise up to holier and higher
purposes of thought and action. I will
look within me and begin the work of bet-
ter-doing there. And around me I will
look for work, and will do with my might

what my hand findeth. The field is white
to the harvest. It suffers for want of reap-
ers. The field at home—here in the midst
of the people with whom I dwell, there
are the poor to be relieved, sinners to be
reclaimed, mourners to be comforted, ig-
norant to be taught. Into all these fields
of usefulness I might enter and do a little,
and it would be accepted according to the
talents given. And the wide world invites
to labor. This is the very day and hour
to be up and doing. Progress is the watch-
word of the times. It proves to be progress
in error often. I would labor to make
its advancement toward God and heaven.
The world wants light. Truth must be
spread, and he who can send one ray into
the moral darkness of the earth, is blessing
it. Millions are dying for the lack of
bread, the bread of life; and I can help in
the work of feeding the famishing.

And, if these thoughts are fitting the day
that arrests me on my journey to the grave,
they may also be worth the meditation of
those, who like me, have been unfaithful
in many or few things. I will think them
aloof. Perhaps another will sit down and
take them into his own heart, and then
say, "I, too, have been remiss in duty; I
have not done one half of what I might
have done, and God helping me, I will try
to do more." Then will it not be vain
that I have mused to-day over a wasted
life.

The day is far spent, the night is at
hand.

THIRTY-FIVE.

A Single Eye.

I was driving a spirited team in a new
road. It was on the bank of a beautiful
river. On the opposite shore was a young
settlement and a stirring population. I
heard the rattling of machinery and the
roar of the waterfall. In a nearly opposite
direction was a large cottage which a wealthy
Englishman had erected just on the
margin of the forest. The beautiful and
the useful in art were side by side with the
wild and grand in nature. I stood in my
wagon and gazed with delight in these dif-
ferent directions, forgetting that I was in a
wood-side road, until a sudden bound of a
wheel that had struck a stump, threw me
forward under the horses' feet. A sleep-
less and merciful Providence saved me from
imminent danger. There could have been
no harm in viewing and admiring the things
of interest around me, in proper circum-
stances and at a proper time. But at this time
I had other things in hand—horses to drive
and stumps and trees to shun. I needed to
have my eye singly to my business.

It is often so in the pilgrim's journey
through life. There are unnumbered things
to admire by the way, and at a suitable time
and place he may enjoy them. But much
of his journey is in a new road, where there
is constant need of watchfulness, lest he
should be cast down and suffer spiritual detri-
ment. Many fail of making good and
safe progress in the way of life, because
they do not keep their eye steadily on it.—
They goze listlessly on indifferent objects,
or with unholy desire on objects of worldly
good, to the neglect of the great object
which should ever be distinctly before the
eye of the believer. In seeking their own
pleasure or worldly interest, they forget
their spiritual affairs and the glory of God.

I have seen a young person set forward
with a professed determination to follow
Christ. But she did not keep her eye stead-
ily fixed on him. The way was new to her.
Instead of looking to see what dangers
might be in it, she allowed her eye to wan-
der among the gay and thoughtless com-
panions of her impetuous life. Perhaps
she desired to participate in their pleasures,
and at the same time to go on toward heav-
en. She was one evening in the prayer-
room, and the next evening at the dance.
At one time you would find her reading the
Bible, and at another weeping over a ro-
mance. I will not say—I need not, how
things terminated with her. There are
many going the same way.

On every side of us, we see men who
profess to be walking in the strait and nar-
row way, who at the same time have their
attention on the world far more than on
any other object. Occasionally they glance
at the cross, and seem to have a momenta-
nary relenting for their wanderings. But
soon their eyes rove again in quest of some
earthly good. They are not satisfied with
having all in Christ. They do not look per-
severingly and steadily unto Jesus. They
are double-minded and unstable in all their
ways. They waver, and like a wave of
the sea are driven and tossed, and therefore
they cannot receive anything of the Lord.
It is all vain. Christ is not to be served.

They who would be his servants indeed,
must have a fixed and unalterable purpose
of heart to make his glory ever supreme.—
Wavering and wandering, hesitating and
balking, are departures from this purpose.
Christ-serving and world-serving cannot go
together. He who would so run, in the
heavenly race, as to obtain, must keep his
eye steadily on the prize set before him.—
The value of that prize must be so great in
his estimation that nothing earthly can di-
vert attention from it. It must be more
precious to him than silver and gold, or he
can never obtain it.—N. Y. Evan.

The Evening of Life.

BY THOLECK.

"O DEATH! how bitter is the remem-
brance of thee to a man that liveth at rest
in his possessions, to him that hath nothing
to vex him, and that hath prosperity in all
things; yea, unto him that is yet able to
receive meat," saith the son of Sirach.—
Yes! and by what expedient do such men
try to overcome thy bitterness! Oh!—
when I see them, like some beaten fowls,
retreats from fence to fence behind the last
intrenchment; driven now from the joyous
revelry of youth, and anon from manhood's
keen enjoyments, until they are reduced, at
last, to solicit a faint gratification from
stimulating, perhaps, a languid palate. Oh!
when I see them, like the worn which
cleaves to the withered leaf, feeding on the
wan and shadowy remembrance of days
never to return, and trying whether it may
do them any good to forget that which they
now no more can change,—how do I then,
with my whole soul, exclaim, Thanks be to
Jesus Christ, my Lord, who hath delivered
me from the bondage of this corruptible
world! The poet says—

"Taught by some impulse from on high, men's
minds
Suspect the coming danger, as we see
The waters heave before the approaching storm."
But of you it may be said—

"They hear the wild winds lash the bursting sails,
At every joint the shivering vessel creaks,
But strike they will not, and go blindly down."

How sweet, O death, is the thought of
thee to the man who could never find a sat-
isfying portion here below, but who, even
amidst this fleeting life, still lived and lean-
ed upon the promises of that which is ever-
lasting! I do not quail before thy scythe;
it can cut off nothing which I am not wil-
ling to leave behind, that the wings of my
spirit may bear me uncumbered away.—

Old Age, for him who has a Saviour,
thy rosy evening changes so insensibly into
dawn, that there is scarce a night between!

Yes, I will set my house in order; the
task will not be difficult. The best of my
property I take along with me. I leave my
children to the great Father of the father-
less, to whom belong heaven and earth.—
My body I bequeath to the earth, and my
soul to the Lord. He has sued for it long-
er than my life, and he bought it with his
blood. Thus, I lay every weight aside,
and am ready for the journey. When the
traveller has paid his debts in the city of a
foreign land, how does he exert to pass the
gate, as he bends his steps homeward. I
have no more a single creditor upon earth,
and I know I shall find none in the place
to which I go. Oh, it is a blessed thing to
die, when I can say, with Mezekiah,—
"Behold, for perience I had great bitterness;
but thou hast, in love to my soul, delivered
me from the pit of corruption; for thou hast
cast all my sins behind thy back." Yes,
old men, the blessed thistle is an herb of
precious use. It soothes the itching of the
heart. But beside the cross of Jesus there
grows a plant that is fairer still, and has a
juster claim to be called *Heart's ease*.—
Nothing like it alleviates the bitter pangs
that precede the hour of dissolution!—
Circle of the Human Life.

Religious Periodicals.

Back of the existence of the press, be-
fore the art of printing was invented, lit-
erature exerted a powerful influence over
the human mind. The poems of Homer,
when they first came under the power of
the press, had already moved widely the
people of Greece, and had greatly influ-
enced the destinies of the nation. The sacred
books, before they were printed, had been
read in manuscripts in many different lan-
guages, and had guided millions to the heav-
enly rest. Multitudes of our race who
could not read, have been greatly influenced
by literature, read to them. Yet the art
of reading greatly increases the accuracy, the
permanence, and the pleasure of our litera-
ry impressions. "Our sight is the most
perfect and delightful of all our senses."—<

Christian Secretary.

HARTFORD, FRIDAY, JAN. 21, 1848.

"Don't Worry."

"When Bulstrode Whitelocke was embarking as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1653, he was much disturbed in mind as he rested in Harwich on the preceding night, which was very stormy, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, at length said, 'Pray sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?' 'Certainly.' 'Pray sir, don't you think that God governed the world very well before you came into it?' 'Undoubtedly.' 'And pray sir, don't you think he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?' 'Certainly.' 'Then, sir, pray excuse me, but don't you think you may trust him to govern the world very well as long as you live?' To this question Whitelocke had nothing to reply; but turning himself about, soon fell asleep till he was summoned to embark."

There are many well disposed people in the world who have never learned the truth of the philosophy embraced in the simple questions of Whitelocke's servant. They seem to think that God has, in a great measure, left the government upon their shoulders, and in accordance with this view of things, they set about the important business of putting the world right, according to their notion of things. If they happen to be members of a church, their first care is to set the church right; endeavoring to make all its members look through their glasses. Palling in this attempt, they leave the church and pronounce it a "synagogue of Satan." They then set themselves up as the reformers of the world, by preaching their fanatical notions wherever and whenever they can find an opportunity. They have been known to enter a church during divine service and commence a tirade against churches and ministers of the gospel; and on being removed they go into the street and endeavor to enlighten the people there. Succeeding no better in their attempts to convert the world than they did the church, to their principles, they declare war against both, by fighting the church and denouncing the authority of all human governments and finding fault with every body, because every body will not yield to their dictation. Thus they go on to the end of life "worrying" and finding fault with the world, because they cannot enjoy the privilege of making it over anew according to their improved principles; without ever dreaming that such principles, were they to succeed, would make the world—not a paradise—but a perfect pandemonium.

There are thousands of others, who, although they have no sympathy with the class alluded to above, still seem to think and act, as though the world was not governed right. Forgetting that the Infinite being who created it is not only able, but does actually govern all things after the counsel of His will, they render themselves unhappy because there are so many things out of place; because they are not just as they would like to have them.

A better way for all such, would be to leave the things they cannot control, and commence at once a reformation in themselves. The great evil lies just here. The hearts of men are depraved and sinful, and consequently they are unhappy. Now, if instead of vainly attempting to set other people right, they would first reform themselves and then carefully watch over their own actions so as to avoid giving offense, they would find the world would be governed just as well as it was before, and that they themselves are governed a great deal better.

Men "worry" a great deal to much for their own happiness. The cares and crosses of life, adversity in business, and the thousand ills that flesh is heir to, are too apt to be met by a worrying, fretful disposition. Even the great Apostle to the Gentiles was troubled in this way in early life, but toils, stripes, imprisonments, and perils by sea and by land taught him a valuable lesson: "In whatsoever situation in life I am, said he, I have learned there-with to be content." It was one of the best lessons a man could learn. How many unhappy moments, hours, days or even years might be saved if this great lesson were understood and acted upon. To know how to be content in whatever situation in life we are, is a secret worth possessing. Paul attained to this state, and why may not other men?—If the lesson was practicable in one instance, it may be in a million.

If the example of Paul was only imitated by Christians of the present day, they might use the same language that he did in reference to contentment. He knew the whole world was lying in wickedness, and he did what he could to better its condition; but he knew too, that there was a Power above him able to make even the wrath of man to praise him, and it was by a humble confidence in that Power that he learned to be content. He was well persuaded that the gospel which he preached would eventually prevail throughout the world, and that sin and its evil consequences would be done away; but he was willing, after discharging his own duty faithfully, to wait the pleasure of Him with whom a thousand years are as a day, for its accomplishment. Let his example be imitated, both as regards his fidelity to the cause by his abundant labors, and in his humble confidence in the promises, and there will be much less worrying and fretting, and much more happiness than there is at present.

The English Puseyites in Trouble.

The last arrival from Liverpool, among other things, brings a correspondence between Lord John Russell and some thirteen bishops of the English church, in reference to the nomination of Dr. Hamden to the See of Hereford. Dr. Hamden, it seems, is not a Puseyite, and hence his nomination has produced quite a stir among the high-church bishops. A letter signed by some thirteen of these bishops, representing that there was "the greatest danger both to the interruption of the peace of the church and the disturbance of the confidence which it is most desirable that the clergy and laity of the church should feel in every exercise of the Royal supremacy, especially as regards that very important particular, the nomination of vacant sees," was addressed to Lord John Russell, to which he replied in substance, that he could not sacrifice the reputation of Dr. Hamden, the rights of the Crown, and what he believed to be the true interests of the church to a feeling which he believed to be founded on misapprehension, and fomented by prejudice. He adds: "The consequences with which I am threatened, I am prepared to encounter, and I believe the appointment will

tend to strengthen the protestant character of our church, so seriously threatened of late by many defections to the church of Rome. Among the chief of these defections, are to be found the leading promoters of the movement against Dr. Hamden, eleven years ago, in the University of Oxford." The recommendation of Dr. H. by Lord Russell has been sanctioned by the Queen, and there appears to be but a small chance for the bishops; for with the influence of the Queen and her prime minister against the Puseyite movement in the Anglican church, Dr. Pusey's followers will probably be obliged to succumb.

Judging from the tone of the letters addressed to Lord John Russell, there is quite an excitement among the Puseyite bishops and clergy in reference to this appointment, and it is quite amusing to witness the spirit exhibited by certain little penny-whistle, anti-American, Puseyite papers on this side of the water. If we can judge of their feelings by their papers, they are equally interested with the English bishops in the appointment of Dr. Hamden to the See of Hereford; but we don't see after all, how they can avoid the difficulty, for in this instance the State appears to be stronger than the Church; little Victoria is too powerful for the bishops; and not only so, but she, being the head of the English Church and the defender of the faith, had, most certainly, ought to know better than the bishops, what is best for its interests. The only remedy that we can recommend to them is to dissolve the union between the Church and the State, and then they will be relieved from the disagreeable necessity of remonstrating against the church appointments of the government.

Bushnellian Divinity.

The *New Englander* for the present month contains a review of Dr. Bushnell's book on Christian Nurture, which maintains that the Doctor's views are correct in contending that children may be so educated as to grow up Christians, and in its zeal for this doctrine it goes even beyond the author of Christian Nurture himself. We do not propose to enter into an examination of this review at present, but that our readers may know what progress these New England divines are making, we quote a single sentence which is in keeping with the rest of the article:

"We say clearly and without reserve, that it is possible for a perfect being to exist in the perfect exercise of all its powers, to have nothing but virtuous or holy feelings, might but right or holy purposes, days, weeks, months, and even years, without the knowledge even of God, or the Saviour." If this sentiment is true, then the heathen nations can train up their children so that "nothing but virtuous or holy feelings, might but right or holy purposes" shall ever enter their hearts thro' life; for if they can live for years in this perfect frame of mind, it follows as an unavoidable conclusion that they can continue so to the end of life;—and it also follows that such persons will have no need of a Saviour, for where there is no transgression there is no need of an atonement for sin; they will be saved by their own merits as a matter of course. So according to the New Haven theology, there is, or may be a class of persons, who, although they are admitted to heaven, will never enjoy the happiness of ascribing praise to the Lamb who redeemed them and made them kings and priests unto God. They will be under the necessity of composing a never song which shall ascribe glory and honor to themselves for having lived a perfect life on earth and entered heaven on their own merits alone.

Perhaps the writer in the *New Englander* can explain in the next number of that celebrated theological work, how these persons can manage to raise their songs of triumph without creating discord in the upper world or interfering with that heavenly harmony which ascribes all the glory to the Lamb.

The safest divinity after all is that drawn directly from the word of God. We read that "there is none righteous; no, not one. There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way; they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one." and also that "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," but the name of Jesus Christ. The whole Bible is in harmony with these sentiments, and yet, we are told by men who ought to have read their Bibles to a better purpose, that children can be so trained as never to commit sin, even without the knowledge of God or the Saviour.

From the Macedonian.

Last Quarter of the Fiscal Year.

Within the last two months pastors and churches, in all parts of our home field, have been informed that the expenditures of the year ending April 1, 1848, will not fall below ninety thousand dollars; and that the Executive Committee, in conformity with established usage, must soon inform the sixteen missions of the remittances and reinforcements for which they may hope in the year ending April 1, 1849. From some pastors and churches responses have been received which are eminently encouraging; but the number is not yet sufficiently large to relieve the committee from profound anxiety.

The receipts for the month of December were \$4,813 48; making the donations and legacies of the first nine months of the year \$49,097 51.—Waiving the expectation of reducing the liabilities with which the present fiscal year was commenced, January, February, and March must bring into the treasury nearly thirty-one thousand dollars to pay the current expenditures of the year.

To fall in this, will be to increase our debt, and to cut off the hope of enlarging the missions for the year to come. Think of this. The faithful and self-sacrificing laborers connected with the missions, were sent into heathen lands to do a great work for us and for Christ. They went, carrying with them the pledged support and co-operation of a community of Christians, which might impart both according to the measure of their need. Can it be right or safe for such a community to leave such missionaries in such fields, to write under the influence of "paralyzing orders to retrench," and of "enterprise checked in their very conception?"

These missions, in their conflicts and triumphs, we hail as our "joy and crown." We hear of the rich manifestations of God's grace in them, and we praise Him for the gift. But what will this avail, if we are not constrained with all our hearts to sustain them according to our ability?

The results of labors, at home and in foreign lands, during the year 1847, should invigorate the spirit of our devotion to the missionary work. Together with the departure of some, temporarily

withdrawn from their labors, seventeen went forth within the year to reinforce the missions; and not less than four hundred united with the mission churches in the same time, on a profession of their faith in Christ.

Conn. Baptist Education Society.

The following extracts are from a letter of a beneficiary of the C. B. Education Society, received a few weeks since, who is now pursuing a course of Theological study with reference to "the ministry of the Word," for which an attentive perusal is respectfully asked, as it will well pay.

"In accordance with the laws of the Conn. Bap. Education Society, I have intended for the last week to write to you, but every evening has found me too busy or too tired to write. My labors are very wearisome to the flesh, but to leave off any, seems to be impossible or impracticable. Yet I am aware that I should have a regard to health and future usefulness. Our course of study I think is an admirable one, and well calculated for success in the field of our Lord. I am deeply impressed with the thought, that the Lord sent me hither, and that I am now acting under his direction. I am as pleasantly situated as any mortal could wish, and the time is passing away rapidly and almost imperceptibly. I have made some progress in Hebrew, and read several chapters in the New Testament critically. This is slow and hard work, yet one that develops the richness and purity of the gospel of our Lord. In my extra labors I have been reading some of Luther's writings in German, and also have paid some attention to historical matters connected with the early history of Christianity.

We have been highly favored with the presence of the Holy Spirit, and my own heart has enjoyed great peace and prosperity. I have found subjects to admire in the reading of the Scriptures, and hope that I have been drawn nearer to the great Fountain of life. The Bible continues to grow more and more lovely, and I long to be wholly imbued with its precepts.

In regard to the gospel ministry, I am not aware of feeling less interested in its importance. But as I dwell upon it, its trials and labors seem to increase in magnitude, so that at times I feel almost unable to bear the burden. Yet I long to go forth into the field and seek out the poor, for to them I will preach the glad tidings that Christ is the Messiah. I have had no occasions for preaching since my connection with the Seminary. I hope that I shall be able to preach some in vacation, and thus reach some who are now without Christ.

The Lord has graciously provided for my wants. I have the charge of two boys, which affords me some aid, which with the appropriation of your Board, will prevent me from incurring debt. Be pleased to communicate to my thanks for their assistance, and believe me

Your affectionate brother in Christ."

The above are selected for your notice, dear brethren—friends of Christ and his cause—not because the writer is to be regarded as pre-eminent; worthy your patronage, for we have others under our care whom we believe to be as virtuous—as high and holy-minded, and as promising as he; but space can hardly be requested in this valuable sheet, for many such communications at a time.—May we not expect, then, that this dear brother and the six others whom we are aiding, shall be able to calculate with confidence on their quarterly appropriations? Our Circular has met with but few hearty, weighty responses, as yet; and nobody has told the Secretary what to write that young man, whose appeal and story were spread out a short time since. Brethren, some of you object to agencies for benevolent objects. Will you act as your own agents, and the almoners of the Lord's bounty; or will you treat the Education Society and the cause of Christ, as you regard agents—with indifference and disregard? What report to the Board shall be made by the

SECRETARY?

Home Mission Society.

UNUSUAL DISTRIBUTION OF MINISTERS. What has been said in previous articles of the deficiency of our ministers in four Western States, may be said with but few variations in detail of all the others. In all directions villages of importance may be found, where there are none of our churches and ministers; and often where churches do exist, they are either entirely destitute of pastors, or supplied only at long intervals, and very irregularly.

It is admitted that there are many secularized ministers at the West, who fail to do their proper share of applying the destitution, but it should not be overlooked, that a considerable proportion of them are secularized, and fail from necessity. They have large families to provide for; the new churches being comparatively feeble, and composed of men of heterogeneous minds and habits, are unable to support them; they have purchased small farms, and to provide for their families, they are obliged to cultivate them. Let funds be provided for the aid of such of them as are deserving, and they would gladly relinquish that employment for the more desirable cultivation of the garden of the Lord. But were every secularized minister at the West thus aided, and were all of them competent, which is not the case, an affecting deficiency would remain: at least one third of the churches would be entirely destitute, or their pulpits supplied only a small portion of the time.

How different would be the state of things at the East, were each minister thus employed. Every church here might be provided with a pastor exclusively theirs, and a balance would remain to provide against casualties, or to seek out new fields of labor.

To illustrate this remark, consult the statistical table in the Baptist Almanac and Register for 1848, in reference to the New England States (except Maine, which to a considerable extent is missionary ground), with New York and New Jersey—seven in number. It shows that they have 1493 churches, and 1545 ordained and licensed ministers; leaving an excess of 52 ministers.

The same table shows that in the five north-western States, the Territory of Wisconsin, and Western Canada, seven in number also, there are 1529 churches and 1671 ordained and licensed ministers, leaving an excess of 458 churches. It is remarkable that the number of licentiates in each of those divisions is nearly the same, being 201 at the East, and 206 at the West, while there are 1344 ordained ministers at the East, and only 805 at the West—showing nearly one administrator of the ordinances for each church (or nine tenths) at the East, and but about one for every two churches (or eleven tenths) at the West.

In Massachusetts alone, there are 234 churches

and 230 ministers, only 18 of whom are licentiates, while in Ohio there are 463 churches and but 357 ministers, of whom 69 are licentiates.

Many similar facts might be stated to show that the disparity of numbers in the ministry East and West is truly affecting, and is especially so, because a much larger proportion of important churches at the West than at the East suffer from this cause. But the above clearly shows that the distribution of our ministers East and West is very unequal. Until an adequate necessity for it can be shown, it must be regarded as wrong; and as the importance of supplying the Western churches with able pastors is acknowledged as a paramount consideration, and the Board are urged to do so by their most judicious friends, it follows that a large number of those at the East, including a just proportion of the highest order of talent, have a solemn inquiry to make of themselves and to settle before God, whether it is their personal duty to aid in equalizing the distribution of ministers in our country, by their own example in removing to the West.

B. M. HILL,

Corresponding Secretary A. B. H. M. S.

Religious Items.

We learn verbally that a powerful revival of religion is in progress at Rocky Hill. Some 20 or more conversions are said to have occurred in connection with the Congregationalist church.—There is no Baptist church in Rocky Hill; the only denomination in the town, except the Congregationalist, is the Methodist.

The latest intelligence we have received from the Baptist churches in New Britain, Meriden and Bristol, represents the revivals among them as still in progress.

By a letter from the pastor of the First Baptist church in Norwich, we learn, that God has recently made known his power to save. Twenty-six have been baptized, and nine have been received by letter,—making, in all, thirty-five. May the Lord still continue to bless them in spiritual things.

The Connecticut Branch of the American Tract Society held its thirty-second annual meeting in this city on the 8th inst. The Rev. Messrs. Cook and Eastman, Secretaries of the Parent Society, and also Mr. Rauschenbusch, an active colporteur, were present. The name of the Society was changed from the "Connecticut" to the "Hartford" Branch of the American Tract Society, by the vote of the meeting.

By the Treasurer's Report it appears that the receipts of the Society have been as follows:—Donation from the Everett Fund, \$100 00
Donation to Am. Tract Society, 334 00
" from Hartford Ladies, 576 93
" " Gentlemen, 1,125 92—1,701 85
Sales of Tracts at Depository, 970 71

Making in all, \$3,126 50

Number of Tracts disposed of in 1847—40,177: whole number since the formation of the Society, 2,227,536. In addition more than 2000 copies of the American Messenger were disposed of in 1847 to subscribers.

Three colporters have been supported by the Ladies of Hartford during the past year.

The stockholders of the Fitchburg (Mass.) Railroad have voted with great unanimity that the road shall not be used on the Sabbath. The subject of transporting intoxicating liquors over the road was discussed and laid on the table; but the friends of temperance in the corporation are determined to pursue it still further, and, if possible, put a stop to it.

The Congregational Journal reports a revival in progress at Plymouth, N. H.

The Baptists in Syracuse are making an effort to build a new house of worship. Ten thousand dollars are required for the purpose, two thirds of which are already subscribed.

There is a powerful revival in progress at Transylvania University, Ky.

Rev. J. O. Choules, D. D., has become an editorial contributor to the Christian Alliance and Family Visitor of Boston. The Alliance is an anti-Catholic paper.

In West Bradford, Ms., there has been a strong religious interest for several months past.

In Pittsford, Vt., there is also a revival.

For three months past there has been a revival in Ridgefield, Conn.

The New York Recorder mentions a revival at Flemington, N. J., in connection with the Baptist church, where fifty-seven have professed conversion since the third week in November.

From the same paper we learn that the pastor of the newly organized church at Hoosic Falls, baptized twenty-two converts a few Sabbaths since; and the work is still progressing.

The Baptist church recently organized in Ansonia, Oneida county, N. Y., says the Baptist Register, is enjoying a revival; five were baptized on the first Sabbath of the present month. This church is destitute of a pastor.

A note in the same paper from the Rev. Mr. Dye, says: God is still gracious to the church in Fabius; ten have been baptized since the notice in the Register.

A revival is reported in progress at Pickering, Canada West, among the Baptists.

We have reports, says the Boston Traveller, of the existence of unusual religious interest in Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Tennessee, Indiana, and Mississippi. Indeed, from nearly every section of the country we are receiving intimations of the existence, here and there, of special religious interest at the present time; and this not confined to any particular sect or denomination; and as would appear, not generally the result of any special exertions, but of the blessing of heaven on the ordinary means of religious improvement.

The Louisville Presbyterian Herald gives the following statistics of the religious denominations in Kentucky: "The number of communicants in the Episcopal church in the State is about 950, in the Presbyterian about 10,000, in the Baptist about 70,000, in the Methodist about 38,000, in the Campbellite not certainly known, but supposed to be about 30,000, making, with the addition of several minor sects, near 150,000 professed Protestants in the State."

The watchman of the Prairies reports a revival in Brooklyn, Illinois. About thirty had professed conversion. Among the number baptized were two children of the pastor, Rev. H. Davis.

We are requested to say that the Rev. A. Darrow of Waterbury, has resigned the pastoral care of the Baptist church in that village, the resignation to take effect on the first of April. We hope a successor equally worthy may be found to fill his place.

Correspondence of the Secretary.

New York, Jan. 1848.

BA. BRAN.—New York has so long been full of excitement that though an object of great interest and even "raise a breeze," it is not strange. Indeed, so much are we accustomed to excitement that if a single week pass without a breach upon good order, in some quarter, we begin to suspect something is out of place. We have no trouble of this kind, of late, however. Our Museums, which were and should be, schools of science and art, history and philosophy, are changed into play-houses, and have become the "theatres" of such buffoonery as the witlings and clownish manoeuvres of "Great Western," the silly songs of the "Ethiopian Serenaders," and the ludicrous acts of a great variety of such like "performers" who "give their entertainments every afternoon and evening." A company of men and women recently opened a show-room for the exhibition of the sculpture of the "old masters" by grouping themselves upon the stage, before an audience, in a state of almost entire nudity. But for the effects of the stings and the lace, however, they would much more nearly have represented the work of the *Maker*. Nearly to our police, the stage was relieved of its burden, a few days since, and the "Tableaux Vivantes" were, in all their undisturbed state, transferred to the "Tombs."

These are scenes of such every-day occurrence that we make little account of them. But there is one real *Lion* in town—a wonder even in N. Y. It is "Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi River." Most of us, before we see it, suppose it to be but an addition to the "humbags of New York."—But one view of it, drives away all such misconception, and places it high up in the scale of the "wonders of the world." I will not attempt a description of it. The best idea of it, the pen could afford, would be meanly meagre, in view of those who have seen it, while it would altogether too much for the credulity of them who have not. It must be seen, to be appreciated. And he who lets it go to Europe without seeing it, will be a lasting debtor to himself. Mr. B. is a natural brother of our beloved Br. of the Harvard St. church, Boston.

You will recollect that Dr. Beecher of Cincinnati recently quoted, with reference to the great moral contest between popery and truth in the West, the famous saying of Napoleon, when on the eve of an important battle, "the battle is fought, and the victory is won." "This is true," said Dr. Beecher, "of our conflict. I have the key and know how to turn it. The key is colportage, and the church by supporting colporters, turns it." But the Dr. had not yet seen what is now the latest turn of the key. This has been discovered by a Mr. Vost of this place. A few months since, we were joined at the gangway of every ferry-boat and every steamer upon our waters, by half a score of ruffians, each thrusting a bundle of novels, romances, war stories, &c., into our face, and rudely belching out, "Want any books?" "Books, sir?" The result was, a flood of such things were sold; thus encouraging their manufacture, and dissipating the immortal minds of those who bought and read them.

To counteract, in some measure, this baneful influence, was an object worth the pains of Mr. V.—He stationed himself upon one of the boats of the Jersey City ferry, taking with him a well filled case, (as large as was convenient to carry,) of the best and most neatly bound and attractive volumes of the Am. Tract Society's publications, together with a variety of the very best religious literature of other publishing bodies. He quietly passed through the cabins, and pleasantly inquired of the passengers, "do you read anything of this sort?" at the same time respectfully showing his open case. The effect, instead of being gradually salutary, as was his expectation, was almost electrical. Within six weeks, every one of these trash mongers have quitted the business on the Jersey City ferry, and two of them had joined hands with Mr. V. in the good work of vending food for the mind and culture for the soul. Mr. V. informs me that he has completed arrangements with all the existing ferry companies connected with this place, for the free passage of colporters on all of their boats, and thinks that in the Spring every steamer from New York will bear with it a colporteur. I scarcely know of a more interesting "turn of the key" within the last ten years. You may hear of it again.

Several of the churches in this place and vicinity are enjoying the interesting prospect of a revival. I have not room to particularize.

Yours very truly, W. H. REEKE.

Christians.

The sect of religionists called *Christians*, it seems from a statement made by one of their own ministers, is rapidly declining in numbers and influence. The Rev. Charles Morgridge, who was lately dismissed by the Christian church at Fall River, is reported by the Weekly New Era as saying: "There were, some years ago, five Christian churches in the city of New York. Now there was but one, and that a very small one, who worship in a house which cost but \$4500. In Boston and Salem it was the same. In the latter place, of the five churches, which once flourished there, not a single vestige now remains. And in Boston, where they formerly had some four or five large churches, there is now but a mere fragment, and that has long been supported by three persons, one of whom is now dead. Enough converts have been made by Christian ministers in those two cities to have filled five of the largest churches in New England; but they had all left and gone into other denominations, simply because they (the Christians) had not an educated ministry to lead and instruct them. But one single book on doctrinal subjects had ever been written by any member of the denomination, and that was written by himself. They had no schools or colleges, and other denominations have, in which to mould their young men and make them alike; they had no creed, no discipline, no nothing, and that in consequence of the lack of these, their churches, which few were left, were made up of a heterogeneous mass of notions and theories from all the other churches."

The Reason why some Men stop their Paper.

We received a letter a few days ago containing payment in advance for two copies of the Secretary, one to be sent to a friend in Michigan, the other to the writer of the letter. He says: "I was formerly a subscriber to your paper, the Christian Secretary, and thought very highly of it; but after a while my mind became choked with the cares of the world, and in an evil time I was tempted to stop it. For some time past I have been trying to get along in the divine life without it, but my experience testifies against the course I took, and I regret sincerely that I was led to take so unwise a step."

This is by no means a solitary case. When the minds of Christians become choked with the cares of the world, they are too apt to neglect the Bible and the religious newspaper; but it is not so common for them to, frankly avow the cause like our friend above, and regret the course they have taken. We admire this candor, and feel satisfied that he will enjoy not only his religion, and the society of Christians, but the world much better now than he possibly could while he was permitting its cares to choke him. There are a great many more who would find it for their own advantage—the prosperity of the church, and the honor of the Redeemer's kingdom, if they would imitate the example here set them, of commencing anew in the divine life, and subscribing for the Secretary.

Evils of Revivals.

The Boston Reporter remarks very truthfully that, "Hardly any state of mind can be imagined, more unfavorable to the prevalence of revivals, than a habit among ministers and leading Christians, of dwelling very much upon the evils of revivals.—This habit was pleasantly but severely rebuked by a writer, some years since, who published a satirical piece on 'The Evils of Rain,' in which he contrasted a state of sunshine with a rainy day, and represented all in the latter that was unlike the former, all the changes of employment, disappointments, disarranging of plans, occasions of anxiety, &c., &c., as the 'evils of rain.' But the question still arises, How can we do without rain? Is it not better to have rain than to perish with drought?"

"It is true that a time of revivals is a time of great care, labor, difficulty and anxiety, to a pastor. And it is not, perhaps, so much to be wondered at as is imagined, that sometimes, even where the spirit is willing, the flesh is yet weak, and shrinks instinctively from encountering those fearful cares and trials and responsibilities. Here is the pressing necessity for faith and prayer, that God will strengthen the things that remain, and give grace and firmness to encounter the work. Fasten your mind, brother, upon the love of Christ for men sunk in sin and as devoid of gratitude as of piety,—on the worth of souls for whom Christ died, on the perishing of every thing good without a revival,—on the good that a revival may produce,—on the absolute necessity of a revival. Do this, and you will rise above fear and sloth and unbelief and self-indulgence, and will be ready to meet any difficulties, to endure any labors, to encounter any responsibilities, if you can only be permitted to see a revival by which the grace of God may be glorified among your people."

"But if you get your head filled with dread of the 'evils of revivals,' with apprehensions of spurious revivals—of fears and fancies and imaginations, it will be naturally impossible for you to give that concentration to your thoughts, your efforts and your prayers, which is necessary to a successful promotion of a revival."

Under the head of "Home Correspondence" the Macedonian publishes extracts from several letters received by the Secretary of the Missionary Union from pastors in different States; we select the following from "A Pastor in the eastern part of Connecticut" as worthy of imitation by others.

"I received on Friday last your urgent appeal in behalf of our missions abroad. My sympathies had been previously awakened to an unusual degree, by the plain but truthful letter of the beloved Judaea. Yesterday afternoon therefore, I presented the cause to the church in this place, and told them of the state of your treasury, and they at once pledged \$200, to be paid in January. Tomorrow I shall commence visiting from house to house, in order to raise all I can in that way. And I am quite confident that you can depend on at least \$300 from this people. The first brother I met gave me \$10 to head my subscription. I hope that in every church you will meet with even a more generous reply to your appeal."

"EVANGELIZING THE HEATHEN."—We notice an article with this heading in some of our exchanges, stating that a vessel sailed from Boston for the Mediterranean, having on board as passengers a number of missionaries for the purpose of spreading a knowledge of the truths of Christianity in foreign lands; and also that the ship's consisted in part of "fifty thousand gallons of New England Rum."

We are at a loss to conceive the object of any religious effort in coupling rum and missionaries together. They had nothing to do with the cargo of the vessel. The rum would have gone if the missionaries had staid at home; they went as passengers merely, for the purpose of spreading the truths of Christianity in foreign lands and had no control whatever over the articles which the owners of the ship sent out. Then why mention rum in connection with them? It looks to us more like an attempt to bring disgrace on the Christian religion than a desire to do good by speaking against the traffic in rum.

OPPRESSION OF THE VAUDOIS FREE CHURCH.—The Council of State at Lausanne have published an edict dated Nov. 24, forbidding all religious meetings without the pale of the National church, under severe penalties. Fifteen months have elapsed during which the pastors and their flocks, who were driven by persecution from the National church, and found a free church, have enjoyed comparative tranquility, and many began to entertain the hope that their persecutions have been brought to a termination. The war, however, against the Roman Catholic cantons has been the signal for the revival of hostilities on the part of Vaudois Liberals, against their own Protestant fellow-countrymen. The pretext for this new act of oppression was that some new disturbances had commenced at Lausanne; and the Government has taken advantage of these disturbances, not for the purpose of punishing the guilty institutions, but in order wholly to put down all public religious worship on the part of the Free Church. According to the new enactment, whenever a Vaudois pastor is discovered edifying his flock, he will be liable to be immediately separated from it, and sent back to his country of origin, on the accusation of a local magistrate, at the mere pleasure of the Government, without having any opportunity of pleading his own cause, or of defending himself when unjustly accused.

The British Evangelical Alliance have promptly taken up the subject, and addressed a letter of sympathy to the poor Vaudois, exhorting them to fidelity, patience, and prayer.

Gen. Scott.—Reports are contradictory respecting the recall of Gen. Scott. The latest account from Washington, Jan. 17, says: "It is reported and generally believed that Gen. Scott returns immediately from Mexico, and that the Courts of Inquiry relative to the officers have been transferred to Washington." There is no news of importance from Mexico.

Missionary Receipts.

From New London 1st church, Missions, per Rev. J. Swan, \$30 00
field church for D. M., \$5 00; for friend for D. M., per Rev. Wm. Beeman do for Dr. Miss., per do, \$25 00; for Jennings a bequest for F. M. plan, of Bridgeport, Executor, \$3 Wilkinson ch., per Rev. D. D. Lyon \$24 00; from New Milford ch., per Shafter, for For. Miss., \$9 00; from H. Miss., \$2 00; from do per do for \$2 00; from Colebrook 1st church, Miss., \$6 35; from Norfolk ch., per Miss., \$5 00; from do per do, for Lib. from do per do, for Publication, \$1 a friend, per do for For. Miss., \$1 Hill ch., per do for Dom. Miss., \$25 00; from do per do, for Dom. Miss., \$25 00; from do per do, for \$10 00; from do, \$5 00; from Bristol ch., \$25 00; from Stonington ch., per Rev. for For. Miss., \$31 19; from Groton do for do, \$2 01; from Groton 3d ch., \$41 02; from Groton

Poetry.

From the Ladies' Wreath for January.

Storm-Sails.

BY MRS. SIOGREN.

Out with your storm-sails—for the blast is loud,
And sea and skies commingle.

Pleasant smiles—
Fond, cheering tones—delightful sympathies—
Story and song—the needle's varied skill—
The shaded lamp—the glowing gas at eve—
The page made vocal by a taste refined—
Imparted memories—plans for others' good;
These are a woman's storm-sails. Fair we'd keep
Each one in readiness—when'er the cloud
Maketh our home our fortress, and debars
The walk abroad.

Come, choose ye which to spread,
My fair, young lady. For the foot of youth
Is nimble, and the shrouds of social life,
And reddest should its fairy hand unfurl
The household banner of true happiness.
What has thy brow to do with frowns?—thy heart
With selfish love—as yet so briefly schooled
In the world's real traffic?

Make thine eye
A cheerful light-house to the voyager
Weary and worn.

Shed blessed hope on all—
Parent, fraternal group, or transient guest—
Nor let the toiling servant be forgot,
Who in the effort of remembrance stores
Each word of praise.

Mother, when tempests rage,
Draw thy young children round thee. Let them
Share
The intercourse, that while it soothes, instructs,
And elevates the soul. Implant some germ
Of truth, or tenderness, or holy faith,
And trust the seed of Heaven to water it.
So shall those sweet, unfolding blossoms blend,
In future years, thine image with the storm,
Like the pure rainbow, with its glorious scroll,
Teaching of God.

Scholar, and child of rhyme,
This is thy holiday. No vexing fear
Of interruption, and no idler's foot
Shall mar thy reverie.

And while the flame
Of blissful impulse stirs thy flying pen,
Grave on thy storm-sails, deathless thoughts to
guide
Thy wind-swept brother o'er the sea of time,
To ports of peace.

For the Christian Secretary.

Lines for a Penitent.

Fellow being! hast thou learnt the truth
In bitterness of spirit—thou art wred
To sin, which is the cause of misery,
With all that bitter anguish of the soul
That springs from guilt—hast felt its deadly tide
Come o'er the spirit, sweeping down to death
Without a ray of hope, or anything
Like comfort beaming on thee. Fellow sinner,
This is the dawning of a star whose rays
Point out a glorious immortality.
Retire alone, and let thy laboring heart
From out the depths of its own misery,
Awake to penitence, and humble prayer,
While self-abasement shrouds its every thro
In darkest sackcloth. To holy truth
Alive in every feeling, give thy soul
To pour its wretchedness along the line
Of thy dear Saviour's path, and he will come,
And, clothed upon with mercies infinite,
Will touch thee there upon that very spot
From whence thou feel'st thyself about to plunge
Into the awful gulf, and pluck thee hence,
A brand from burning.
Then thy soul will flow with thankfulness,
And every thought that stirs shall yield an
Heavenly odor rich in praise.
Thy tongue shall be—but it can never tell
The slightest word that lifts itself above
Love's boundless sea within. Thy language then,
"How glorious, O God, dost thou appear
In all thy works—methinks the yonder sun
Rings out thy praise from his own golden sphere,
As he moves on rejoicing in his beams
Which are of Thee; and scarce the faintest ray
But to thee Earth—but I do want the tongue
To say how beautiful, how rich in harmony
And praise harmonious—the very rocks
Do seem to come in choral symphonies
To praise thy name. My soul is full of Thee,
And with the poet I can truly say,
"Earth, with her thousand voices, calls on God,"
Psalms lxxv, Isa. lxviii. A. A. F.

Religious & Moral.

The New England School Teacher in the West.

In the striking and beautiful portrait
drawn below, some of our readers may re-
cognize a former preceptor of Maine.

A WESTERN INCIDENT.

At the close of a long day's ride on horse-
back, from Adams to McDonough County,
in the State of Illinois, I found myself
alone, in front of a new fenced farm and
log cabin. It was early in May, 1839—
and I had been riding through oak open-
ings and across prairies, with only an oc-
casional small settlement, till the bright sun
was about to retire behind the western for-
est. Wild flowers, birds innumerable, an
occasional deer, and herds of domestic ani-
mals—had successively divided my atten-
tion with the splendid agricultural pros-
pects of the busy farmer, here and there
seen, with his whole family, in the field,
planting their luxuriant corn. I was look-
ing for "my lot of land," and I had been
directed to the occupant of this very farm
I was absent of, for information of its
whereabouts. It had been my purpose to
reach its neighborhood that night—but I
could go no farther without additional di-
rections. I rode up to the door of the cab-
in, and was met by a tall, grave, benignant
looking man, who came out of his house un-
covered, to meet and to greet a stranger.—
His face was full of thought. Time, toil
and care had set their mark upon him—
but he looked like an Abraham. He salu-
dated and spoke to me, as if I had been a long-
lost friend. I explained the object of
my call, and inquired the distance to a cer-
tain mill, believed by previous informants
to occupy a quarter section near to my own
land. He replied to my inquiries with
much exactness, but indicated a desire for
further conversation.

"May I ask, sir, where you are from?"
"From Vermont, sir," I replied.

"From Vermont? Indeed! that is my
native State. What town do you live in,
sir?"

"Sp-d," said I.

"Sp-d! Why I used to live in
Sp-d; when did you live in that town?"

Giving him my name, I explained to him
that I had recently removed thither, from
Massachusetts; and that I occupied a lit-
tle place I had purchased of S—C—,
near the centre village.

"Why, I studied law in that house, with
Judge C—," replied he.

"Come you
mustn't go any further to night—Mrs. H.
must see you. Let the boys have your
horse, and spend the night with us. I will
go with you in the morning and help you
find your land."

I dismounted, and a fine lad took my horse
—and I was ushered into the cabin with an
introduction, by name, to Mrs. H., and all
the inmates. Such a scene—such a change
—thus unexpectedly, to be all at once in
the midst of an educated New England fam-
ily—and claimed, too, as a townsman!—
Mrs. H. and several bright, mannerly chil-
dren, my respected host, and one other, a
quiet looking backwoodsman, were seen
together, seated beside the fire, which, tho'
it was not cold, only a little damp and chil-
ly, had been kindled up to prepare the fam-
ily. Question followed question—the table
was soon set—a rich feast prepared—and
I wouldn't have exchanged the enjoy-
ment of that evening for all the empty hon-
ors and heartless pageantry of any courtly
mansion in Christendom.

Saturday had passed, and I had realized
in my host all the kindness which my first
interview had promised. He had accompa-
nied me through the explorations of the day,
and shown me one of the richest tracts of
country that human eye ever looked upon.

Sabbath morning opened upon this happy
family, enrobed with resplendent beau-
ty, which they only can conceive, who have
slept amid the vernal odors of an American
Prairie. I had learned their story—from
the period when my host was an unmarried
student at law in Vermont, till I now sat
among his children, in the presence of his
happy spouse. He had preferred the pro-
fession of an Educator to that of a Legisla-
tor. Events had made him the owner of
the land on which he and his family now
resided, years before he had seen it. When
after many toilsome years and a tedious
horse and wagon journey, he had arrived at
this chosen land, he had found the man
whom I had met by his hearth, on my first
arrival, a squatter on his land. A small
cabin and seven enclosed acres constituted
this poor man's homestead, and it were but
natural that he and his should feel alarmed
at the arrival of the stranger who owned it.
But no! "He was not to be injured."

"What do you ask for your claim,"
said the owner of the patent, "to this 160
acre tract of timber and prairie?"

"Thirty dollars," was the meek reply.

"I'll give it to you," replied my friend,
"and you must build yourself another cabin
down yonder, and help me put up an addi-
tion to this; and then I shall hire you to
work for me and help me to make and fence
in my farm."

All this had been done; and a newly set-
tled community had gathered from the cab-
ins of a three mile prairie, to welcome the
generous Yankee to his new and delightful
home, by assisting him and his poor neigh-
bor in erecting their new dwellings. An-
other enterprise was now to be proposed.

"I am a schoolmaster," said my friend,
"and I am going to build a school-house—
This must also be our church; and I want
you all to come and help me what you can;
and then you must all send your children,
along with mine, to our new school. I will
take anything you have to spare, in pay-
ment for their tuition. We will also have
a Sunday school, and you must all come
and bring your children. When we can
get anybody to preach to us we will hear
him; and when we have no minister, we
will carry on the meeting, by God's bless-
ing, ourselves."

I had already visited this great hewn-log
school-house, which was situated in a grove,
but a few rods off; and now the hour was
come for us to go into the Sabbath school.
What a sight was here! Within its walls
were hung with maps—its shelves piled up
with books, and in one corner lay a heap of
shucked corn.

From the doorway we saw the people
coming from every side of the prairie; on
foot, on horseback, single, by couples and
in groups; young men and maidens, and
children, and aged pioneers, of all faiths,
common to southern Protestantism, coming
to unite in the study of the Bible, and the
worship of the living God. Never passed
I a holier Sabbath. Never loved I more my
fellow man. Rude and rough though the
building, plain and rustic the costume, de-
votion dwelt there. After prayer and sing-
ing, in which the New England pilgrim led
the way, all were resolved into Bible class-
es, till, at the appointed hour of eleven, an
aged minister, who had arrived, clothed the
exercises with a sermon and the appropriate
benediction. Reader, be patient; I will cut
short my story. This good Vermont
schoolmaster was become the patriarch of
this settlement. Be not surprised, then,
when I tell you that I never knew a more
heaven-favored man. He, his accomplished
consort, and his dear children, with several
more since added to their number, are all
now alive and well.

I have not been able to visit that settle-
ment since. But I rejoice, now and then,
to receive a letter from this Christian Re-
publican. He laid off some of the land
around the school house into lots for new
comers, and to such as were of useful trades,
and peaceable character, these could be had
at their own price. The prairie, I learn,

is covered with farms; a Christian church
has been organized; a postoffice established;
a town has grown up. The beautiful little
girl has become, with her now man-grown
brothers, among the most intelligent and
accomplished young people in Illinois.
Temperance, patriotism, order, thrift, and
prosperity render that settlement, and oth-
ers in its vicinity, desirable to the law and
order-loving emigrant, and the way-worn
traveler. And, my dear reader, it is be-
cause I know that there are such families
and communities in the West, who have no
part nor lot in the newspaper-trumped out-
breaks, and lynch-law brawls of Mormons,
"Regulators," "Flatheads," that I narrate
this incident. He who travels only on the
great roads, or fashionable thoroughfares,
stopping alone at hotels and public places,
forms but little acquaintance with the bone
and sinew of society in our Western States
and Territories. We see, too, what educa-
tion—a single public spirited, energetic, ed-
ucated individual or family can do for a set-
tlement. Such are the men and women
who are needed at the great West. Such
will be the results of your schoolmasters'
efforts against ignorance.—*Practical Edu-
cator and Journal of Health.*

Pins.

A dozen years since, all the pins used in
this country were imported. Now, none
are imported, except a few German pins for
the supply of the German population of
Pennsylvania. This wonderful change has
been produced by a concurrence of circum-
stances,—the most prominent of which was
the invention, by Mr. Samuel Slocum, now
of Providence, of a pin-making machine far
superior to any then in use in England.—
This led to the establishment of a pin-manu-
factory at Poughkeepsie by Messrs. Slocum,
Jillson & Co., which, contrary to general
expectation, was entirely successful, and
soon distanced foreign competition.

Thus things went on, until the passage of
the Tariff of 1842, which, by increasing
the duty on foreign pins, encouraged other
parties in this country to engage in this
business. Foreseeing this, the above men-
tioned Company,—which was succeeded by
the Am. Pin Company,—at once reduced
their prices 20 per cent., and have since
reduced them 10 per cent. more. Of all
the Pin Companies which have been estab-
lished or attempted in the U. States, only
three are known to exist at present, viz:—
the Am. Pin Company, (which has works
both at Poughkeepsie and at Waterbury,
Conn.) the Howe Company at Derby, Ct.,
and Messrs. Pelton, Fairchild & Co., of
Poughkeepsie.

The quantity of pins turned out by these
establishments, especially the two first, is
enormous. The statistics of one of them,
we have ascertained, are about as follows:
Per week, 70 cases, averaging 170 packs
each, each pack containing 12 papers, and
each paper 280 pins: making an aggregate
of 39,984,000 pins per week, or 2,
079,168,000 per annum. If the products
of the other two establishments, and the
small amount imported, are together equal
to 4,158,336,000 pins for consumption in
the United States, equal to 200 on an av-
erage, for every man, woman and child in
the country. A pretty liberal allowance,
we are thinking. The number of pin-mak-
ing machines employed by said Company is
about 30, and of work-people about 60.

It would be difficult to describe these ma-
chines so as to make their operation intelli-
gible to those who have not seen them in
motion. We will only say that the wire
which is to be wrought into pins, runs from
a reel like yarn, into one end of the ma-
chine, and comes out at the other, not wire,
but pins, cut, pointed and headed, in the
most perfect manner, at the rate of 150 a
minute. This is about the usual speed, but
the machinery is capable of being so ad-
justed as to produce 300 a minute. Being
now of a yellowish color, they are thrown,
by the bushel, into kettles containing a cer-
tain liquid, by which they are whitened and
prepared for sticking: i. e. for being stuck
into papers, in rows, as they are bought at
the stores. This process of sticking is also
performed by a machine invented by
Mr. Slocum. The narrow paper in which
the pins are stuck, is wound from a reel,
of any imaginable length, and then cut off
at uniform intervals. One sticking-machine
will stick as many pins as three pin-ma-
chines can make; and three of the former
can be attended by one girl.

A part of the pins of the Am. Pin Com-
pany are made of Am. copper, obtained on
the borders of Lake Superior.—*Jour. of
Com.*

Arnold the Traitor.

There was a day when Talleyrand ar-
rived in Havre, hot foot from Paris. It
was in the darkest hour of the French
Revolution. Pursued by the blood-hounds
of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every
wreck of property and power, Talleyrand
secured a passage to America in a ship
about to sail. He was going a beggar and
a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his
bread by daily labor.

"Is there an American staying at your
house?" he asked the landlord of his hos-
tel—"I am bound to cross the water, and
would like a letter to some person of influ-
ence in the New World."

The landlord hesitated a moment, and
then replied:

"There is a gentleman up stairs, either
from America or Britain, but whether an
American or an Englishman I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand—
who in his life was Bishop, Prince, Prime
Minister—ascended the stairs. A misera-
ble suppliant, he stood before the stranger's
door and entered.

In the far corner of a dimly lighted
room, sat a gentleman of some fifty years,

his arms folded and his head bowed on his
breast. From a window directly opposite
a flood of light poured over his forehead.
His eyes looking from beneath the down-
cast brows, gazed in Talleyrand's face with
a peculiar and searching expression. His
face was striking in its outline; the mouth
and chin indicative of an iron will.

His form, vigorous even with the snows
of fifty winters, was clad in a dark but rich
and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced—stated that he was
a fugitive—and under the impression that
the gentleman before him was an Ameri-
can, he solicited his kind offices.

He poured forth his story in eloquent
French and broken English:

"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced
to fly to the New World, without a friend
or hope. You are an American? Give me,
then, I beseech you, a letter of yours so
that I may be able to earn my bread."

I am willing to toil in any manner
—the scenes of Paris have filled me with
such horror, that a life of labor would be a
Paradise to a career of luxury in France.
You will give me a letter to one of your
friends. A gentleman like you has, doubt-
less, many friends."

The strange gentleman rose. With a
look that Talleyrand never forgot, he re-
treated towards the door of the next cham-
ber, his head still downcast, his eyes still
looking from beneath his darkened brow.

He spoke as he retreated backward; his
voice was full of meaning:

"I am the only man born in the New
World that can raise his hand to God and
say—I HAVE NOT ONE FRIEND—NOT ONE—
IN ALL AMERICA."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelm-
ing sadness of that look which accompa-
nied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange
man retreated towards the next room—
"Your name?"

"My name"—with a smile that had
more mockery than joy in its convulsive
expression—"My name is Benedict Arnold."

He was gone. Talleyrand sank in a
chair, gasping the words—
"ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

"Thus you see he wandered over the
earth, another Cain with a murderer's
mark upon his brow. Even in the seclu-
ded room at that inn at Havre, his crime
found him out, and forced him to tell his
name—that name the synonyme of infamy."

The last twenty years of his life are cov-
ered with a cloud, from whose darkness but
a few gleams of light flash out upon the
page of history.

The manner of his death is not distinctly
known. But we cannot doubt that he died
utterly friendless—that his cold brow was
not moistened by any farewell tear—that
remorse pursued him to the grave, whisper-
ing John Andre! in his ears, and that the
memory of his course of glory gnawed like
a canker at his heart, murmuring forever,
"True to your country, what might you
have been, O Arnold, the Traitor!"

Who shall depict the closing scene of
this wild drama? Who shall dare paint
the agony of his death hour? With a
trembling hand and hushed breath we drop
the curtain, and turn away from the death
bed of Benedict Arnold.

Jews in Parliament.

The Caledonian brought word that the
question of the removal of the still remain-
ing disabilities of the Jews, by allowing
them a seat in Parliament, was brought for-
ward by Lord John Russell in the House of
Commons. His lordship introduced the
motion in a very temperate and eloquent
speech, going over the ground which has
been so often urged in favor of a large sec-
tion of his fellow-subjects, who, as they
contribute to the exigencies of the state, are
it is contended, entitled to all the honors
society has powers to confer—in fact to en-
joy all the rights of citizenship. His lord-
ship was seconded in a maiden speech by
Mr. Fox, the popular and celebrated Unitar-
ian preacher. Mr. Gladstone also sup-
ported the motion, as well as Mr. Romilly
and Mr. DIsraeli. It was of course op-
posed by the champion of the church, Sir
Robert Inglis, who was seconded by Lord
Ashley, Mr. G. Banks, Mr. Colburn and Sir
Thomas Acland. After an interesting de-
bate, on the motion of Mr. Law, the Rec-
order of London, the debate was adjourned.

The papers state that it is the general
impression out of doors, that a consider-
able majority of the Commons will be in
favor of relaxing the laws so as to enable
Jews to sit in Parliament; but the hitherto
unsuccessful attempts to pass a similar bill
through the House of Lords, make it doubt-
ful whether that assembly will, as yet, con-
sent to "un-Christianize" the Parliament.

In the present temper of a large number of
the bishops, that powerful section of the
peers will not feel very much disposed to
favor any measure emanating from Lord
John Russell; and accordingly, the event-
ual success of the bill, if it should pass the
Commons, would be very problematical in
the upper house. The vast majority of the
public writers in England seem to be great-
ly in favor of admitting the Jews to a seat
in the Legislature; and, indeed, the main
argument which is adduced against it, is the
inevitable consequence, that Pagans and
Mohammedans, of which creeds there are
millions of English subjects in India, can-
not afterwards consistently be excluded.—

The admission, however, of them to all
rights of citizenship, would be one of the
most effectual means of removing the errors
of their religious education. The debate
was postponed.—*Herald & Jour.*

A jury of Prince George's county, Ma-
ryland, set aside the will of the late Mr.
Townsend, because the testator liberated,
by his will, all his slaves, and other prop-
erty.

The Schoolmaster Not Abroad.

A Southern paper, in describing the ig-
norance prevailing in a certain section, ad-
duces the following illustration.—*Congre-
gational Jour.*

One of the Elders on his way to an East-
ern town to market with his wagon, was
overtaken by or overtook a stripling of nine-
teen, to appearance just as he was emerg-
ing from the Mountains. The youth dal-
lied along, on his burr-named and bur-
tailed nag without a saddle, sometimes be-
fore and sometimes behind the Presbyterian
wagon. At last, the conversation was
struck up, and our Elder, who was ever for
doing good and communicating, asked him
who was the first man? who was the wisest
man? And the youth could not answer.

Question after question of this kind was
asked, and still no intelligence was mani-
fested. At last, his eye sparkled when asked
who was the strongest man, as if glad
that one question had come that he could
answer, and he promptly said, "Peter Fran-
cisco!"

A GUIDE TO THE BLIND.—The paper from
which we copied the above, gives a speci-
men of the preachers abounding in the re-
gion where the youth received his education:

I am responsible for the truth of this story.
Take another, of which I have been cred-
ibly informed, but cannot vouch for with
the certainty of the preceding. With-
in the angle of Ragged Mountains, Little
Grayson and Danville, a Preacher, (quasi?)
who had a wide reputation and many hear-
ers, said in his discourse that all gaming
and all games were sinful, but of all games
that of marbles [marbles] was the worst,
for Christ said, "Marvel ye not," and he
forbids no other games! If such are the
teachers, what are the learners! Can any
reports carried to the North exceed these
things, which are facts of the South?

LONGEVITY OF MINISTERS.—Of the forty-
six Baptist ministers whose deaths have
been registered as having occurred in the
United States during the past year, the av-
erage age of twenty is 1651 years; or an
average of eighty-two and a half years
each. That is, nearly one half of the min-
isters of this denomination who have de-
ceased during the year, have lived to sev-
enty years and upwards, eleven have lived
to eighty and upwards, three have lived to
over ninety years, and one, the venerable
Harvey, reached the age of one hundred
and eleven years. We know of no other
class of men among whom as great longev-
ity can be traced; thus illustrating, most
impressively, the Divine promise to the
young who keep the commandments of God
—"For length of days, and long life, and
peace, shall they add to thee;" and putting
to silence the calumny, that the apostolic
ordinance of baptism is injurious and dan-
gerous to health. These venerable patri-
archs have, undoubtedly, baptized beneath
the wave a far greater number of rejoicing
converts than they have lived years, yet,
notwithstanding their severe labors, they
lived far beyond the common lot of man.
—*Chr. Watchman.*

THE DEATH-BED OF THE JEW.—In his
interesting work, "Judah and Israel," Mr.
Frey, who is a converted Jew, and who for
more than forty years has labored among
this people as a minister of the gospel, says:
"For seven long years, while officiating
Rabbi in the synagogue, it was my painful
lot to attend the sick and dying; and while
I found all of them sensible of their being
sinners and exposed to the wrath of God, I
never found one saying, like good old Sim-
on, 'Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant
depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen
thy salvation.'"

AN IMPORTANT FACT.—One of the best
business men in New York, who made him-
self rich by liberally advertising in papers
of large circulation in that city, in writing
to a friend and alluding to the real cause of
his success, while others have only made a
living, and in many instances failed entire-
ly, says: "The time is not far distant when
the merchant whose rent costs him more
than his advertising, will be universally re-
garded as one who don't understand his
business, and will not long have any busi-
ness to undertake."

OUR DESTINY AND DUTY.—A correspond-
ent of this paper, says the N. Y. Obser-
ver, remarks in a letter dated London, Dec.
3, 1847: "I am continually thinking of
what will be the condition of America and
the world a hundred years hence, and what
vast interests are pending on the moves
which are made by the present generation.
I fully believe that children are now born,
who will see between 300 and 400,000,000
of the human race speaking the English
language, and covering from one-third to
one-half of the habitable surface of the
globe. The character of this vast popu-
lation, I verily believe, will be moulded in
its great features by the descendants of the
20,000 Puritans who planted New England
200 years ago. Indeed one-third of the
whole number will be actually the descend-
ants of those Puritans. A tremendous re-
sponsibility rests upon them. Let them
pray that they may act well their part in
the accomplishment of the high destiny of
their race, to which it is their privilege to
belong."

A THOUGHT OF JOHN FOSTER.—"Paid
the debt of nature."—No, it is not paying a
debt; it is rather like bringing a note to a
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it. In this case you bring this cumbersome
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